

## Daily Eagle

H. H. MURDOCK, Editor.

### The Situation in South Africa, Geographically.

British troops stand on the border of the Transvaal in Natal. Boer troops stand on the border of Natal in the Transvaal. It seems settled that the points of battle in the coming war will be the Buffalo river, Laing's Nek, at its headwaters, and the Charlestown tunnel, which penetrates Laing's Nek. This is the ground that is to be fought over. A memory of the old school geography will not serve a valuable purpose in the coming war. A recent atlas will alone suffice. South Africa is built up, starting from the south, in this manner: The blunt extremity of South Africa is the Cape of Good Hope. This colony is a great deal larger than is generally supposed. It reaches northward 500 miles and east and west from the Atlantic to the Indian ocean, nearly 1,000 miles. Cuddled up in the northeast corner of this colony, and forming part of it, is little Natal. Directly north of Cape Colony and directly west of Natal, is the Orange Free State, which is probably three times as large as Natal and one-fourth as large as all of Cape of Good Hope. Directly north of Orange Free State and Natal is the South African Republic, or Transvaal, which is easily twice the size of Orange Free State, and not quite half as big as the Cape of Good Hope. The Cape of Good Hope follows the Indian ocean and Atlantic ocean coast lines so far north that it almost encircles the Orange Free State, which has no port and is not near either ocean. The Transvaal, the Orange Free State's northern neighbor, however, is, on the east, very near the Indian ocean and is only kept from touching it by a narrow strip of Portuguese territory in which the principal point is the famous Delagoa Bay. A railroad runs from Delagoa Bay westward to Pretoria, in the Transvaal. Another railroad leads to Pretoria from Bathurst, the southernmost coast of the Cape Colony, running through the Orange Free State. But the railroad which is to cut the foremost figure in the hostilities is one which starts at Durban, a town which lies on the eastern coast of Natal, on the Indian ocean, that is, in northeastern Cape of Good Hope. This town, in British territory, lies directly south of the Transvaal and near it. The short railroad from Durban runs north to the Transvaal border, passing through Ladysmith, where the British troops are now gathered. Just before this road reaches the Transvaal and while it is still on British territory, it meets a hill, which, to pass, it must go through. It does this by the Charlestown Tunnel. The hill the railroad has not and goes through is Laing's Nek. The country is mountainous. This low ridge, Laing's Nek, is the only available pass between Transvaal and Natal. The struggle of the Boers which, we believe, will be for a long time discreetly defensive, will be to seize and guard Laing's Nek. The object of the British who will be immediately offensive, will be to keep it open as the first step to an invasion of the Transvaal.

Laing's Nek is the Boer Marathon. They will hardly attempt to invade Natal further for it would be as difficult for them to cross the Nek as it would be for the British. The attacking party must have and hold this pass. And the party which attempts that is going to suffer a terrible loss of life. If the task appears too formidable for either nation—Buffalo river, the boundary line between Natal and Transvaal, will be fought over. It runs southward from Laing's Nek, through a mountainous region, and offers no entrance into Transvaal more feasible than the Nek.

### Russia and the Dardanelles.

Touching Europe's interest in the British-Boer war, a well informed writer says: "The European 'balance of power' is so delicately poised that the slightest vibration is reflected throughout all its complicated convolutions. Each capital sleeps like a cat, with one eye open, and if one nation seems likely to secure an advantage, however meager, in any quarter of the globe, all her sisters instantly clamor for a compensation somewhere or anywhere so that it be tangible. It is according to the tradition of diplomacy that they should, and their right to clamor is admitted in every foreign office of Europe. Was not Bismarck's famous motto 'do ut des,' and in adjusting the differences between his neighbors did he not liken Germany to an honest broker and demand his commission?"

Hence if Great Britain is to add to her dominion the Transvaal, she may expect a clamor on the continent, which, if ostensibly sentimental, in reality will voice a demand for compensation. And in truth the great despotisms are beginning to stir. Russia, who yesterday robbed the Finns, is waxing lachrymose over the Boers. The St. Petersburg news papers fear the Suez canal will lose its neutrality once the whole East African coast is solidified under British sovereignty, and there are threats that the Dardanelles will be rid of its treaty obstructions and considered a free arm of the sea.

When England, France and Sardinia brought Russia to her knees in the Crimea the czar signed the treaty of Paris. Among its obligations was that imposed upon Russia barring Russian warships from the surface of the Black Sea and forbidding the construction on the shores of such naval fortresses as Sebastopol had been. Twenty years later, when Germany had a war with France, Bismarck bought the czar's favorable neutrality at a price, and part of that price was the denning clause of the treaty of Paris. In the midst of the war Russia declared the clause obsolete and commenced building a Black Sea fleet. In the crisis there was no one in Europe to say her nay.

Seven years later the Muscovite borders pushed up to the very walls of Constantinople. Fortunately for England, the great Jew Imperialist was prime minister. He knew the strength of his country, and what was more, he dared use it. The British fleet passed the Dardanelles and was ready to defend the city of the sultan with its guns. Russia paused and contemplated that the treaty of San Stefano she had forced on Turkey be revised by assembled Europe at Berlin. At Berlin she abandoned her extreme demands. The Black Sea indeed became a Russian lake, but at England's mandate it was bottled up, and no warship was allowed to pierce the Dardanelles.

Since the treaty of Berlin, twenty years ago, Russia has built a strong fleet in the Black Sea and restored the great naval establishments raised in the Crimean war. And each year who has felt her impotence more irksome. She awaits the propitious moment impatiently, when with impunity she can deny the restrictive clause of the treaty of Berlin as twenty-eight years ago she did that of the treaty of Paris. Perhaps she fancies the threatened Transvaal will afford her the opportunity.

Nor can England object. For England since Beaconsfield's day the center of interest has shifted from the Bosphorus to the Nile. It is no longer imperative with her that Russia be confined to the upper sea. The Hellespont should become an avenue open to all, and England can well afford to allow the abrogation of the restriction in return for a free hand at the Cape. She has "fixed" the Kaiser beforehand seemingly, and there will be no repetition of the telegram to Kruger. She has now only to reckon with the dual alliance, and if she can satisfy Russia she can ignore France. Of course Russia for a sufficient inducement will ignore France, too. That is the kind of an alliance it is—the republic does the melodrama, the empire gets the chestnuts.

The London foreign office undoubtedly has foreseen and provided. The cost of the subjection of the Transvaal will not be alone the lives lost and the money expended, but what England will be called upon to give Germany and Russia in the nature of quid pro quo.

Nothing could so please the czar as the freedom of the Dardanelles. Were his warships and troop ships allowed to pass the Hellespont he would have free sea communication by the neutral Suez canal with Port Arthur and Manchuria. How important this would be is proved by the fact that the Russian forces and military stores in North China have all been transported not across the endless wastes of Siberia but by sea. Ships have sailed from the Baltic to Vladivostok, and it is said, have surreptitiously stolen through the Dardanelles disguised as merchant ships. Until the completion of the Siberian railway at least Russia's communication with the far east must be by water. It is declared by some that even after such completion the water path will still be absolutely essential.

### Effect of Fall Elections.

That the coming fall elections will have no national significance is clearly shown by Senator Burrows of Michigan in an article in the October Forum. The senator does not believe it will be possible to divert public attention so completely from local questions in the various states as to make the result indicative of the probable judgment of the people of the whole country upon the issues as they shall be presented in 1900.

Our political history furnishes abundant proof that the result of "off year" elections that closely precede a presidential contest are not always indicative of the popular verdict that will be registered in the national election. Senator Burrows cites only one, however, but it is a most pertinent and significant one because of the striking similarity of the issues presented and the conditions prevailing to those that will confront the people in 1900.

In 1862, when the public mind was absorbed in the progress of the great struggle for national existence, the loyal people of the Union states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois rendered verdicts against the administration of President Lincoln. In these five states the Democrats elected fifty-five of the ninety-nine representatives elected, while the Republicans were able to muster only forty. Even Pennsylvania, now the Gibraltar of Republicanism, gave a popular majority "against the president."

But these crushing Republican defeats did not fore-shadow the overthrow of the national administration. In the national contest of 1863, which followed, these states emphatically reversed their verdicts of the previous year and gave the national administration sweeping and enthusiastic commendation. In New York Governor Seymour and his party were beaten by a majority of 30,000, while Ohio swung into line for the administration with a majority of over 100,000.

It is easy to see that the conditions now are in many particulars not unlike those of 1862. The principal reason why the state elections this fall will furnish no indication of the national verdict in 1900, however, is the fact that the more important issues growing out of the war have not yet been made up and can not be definitely formulated until the policies foreshadowed by the administration have had an opportunity to attain results.

### America's Greatest Customer.

American purchases of British merchandise in August showed so decided an increase over the figures for the corresponding month of 1898 that trade journals in England are quite encouraged. It is felt that a fair share of the enlarged purchases of foreign products which naturally mark the prosperity of the American people will go to Great Britain.

But in the month of August this expanding trade from the United Kingdom to the United States failed to keep pace with the growth of British purchases of American products. The balance of trade in favor of the United States was greater in August, 1899, than it had been in August, 1898. It was about \$22,000,000 in the earlier month and no less than \$31,000,000 in the latter period.

In August, 1899, the exports of this country to the British Isles were almost six times as great as the American imports from the United Kingdom. It was a vast trade and one-sided to a very extraordinary degree. There is no other balance in the exchange of merchandise between any two countries anywhere that approaches in size the surplus that we roll up every year against the British Isles.

England's wealth is one of the great sources of our prosperity. We have no other customer to be compared with Great Britain.

The world believes that Great Britain wants to grab the Transvaal and is not fighting for the good of the Outlanders at all. It is mighty hard for us to persuade the world that we were not fighting for Cuba, but for the good of the reconcentrated.

Sailors are all right, of course, but they wear ribbons on their hats. If Dewey should attempt to bully an American landman as he does his sailors, the landman would take a stockful of mud and break in his lump of combativeness.

Dewey crushed a subordinate because he didn't get a flag up soon enough. What must be his opinion of the men who are trying to haul down the American flag and can't even get hold of the halyards.

Men are queer. Dewey sailed 12,000 miles on the water and never whimpered. He rode about eighteen blocks in a carriage in New York and sighed: "It was a long pull, wasn't it?"

There is nothing more brutal in the world than the police treatment of great crushes of people in a city. This was true of New York City Saturday. It is always true in large crushes.

There was a funny little line in the report of the parade in New York. It was this: "Admiral Sampson was not on the stand at the City Hall. He did not arrive in time."

Aguiñaldo shook the hands of his American prisoners—that is, the hands of all but three, who refused to take his hand. An American soldier has all kinds of nerve.

There were only two hundred G. A. R. men in the New York parade. Tammany and New York have no use for the old soldier and never will have.

A crown of thorns prickles only the brow. A crown of gold tines the neck and gives a man the headache. The chances are that Dewey is tired of it all.

Whitney of New York thinks that Dewey will run for president. The chances are that Dewey is very near that state of mind.

With a big band of yellow across his breast, General Miles received a great ovation in New York. Dear General Miles.

Theodore Roosevelt rode in the New York parade a horseback and with a silk hat on—a plug under him and under a plug.

Next to Dewey, Schley received the greatest ovation in New York. New York fancies that Schley has been abused.

The Boers are waiting for the British to strike the first blow. Then a lumber yard will collapse in Britain's vicinity.

In the New York parades the governors of the states were not given any applause. They hadn't fought anything.

Dick Croker was also cheered by the crowds in New York.

### Lucille's Dream.

From the New York Daily News.  
"I don't like this sort of thing at all," said Fanny Russell, impatiently. "Here we are tucked into a little \$3.50 hole under the roof of the house with a feather bed to sleep on and a ceiling that bumps against our noses every time we turn over in bed. Mosquitoes all night long, pork and fritters for breakfast, and two forked forks at the table. Lucille, I wish you would tell me what on earth you mean by this sort of thing."

Lucille Adams laughed. She was standing before the mirror, twisting up the glittering abundance of her red-gold hair—June in crinoline and tulle looks. "What a grumbler you are, Fanny," said she. "A minor thing, I admit, but always thinking of the present, without even an idea of the future."

"I'd like to know what the future has to do with us," fretter Miss Russell, who was smaller, plainer and in every way less attractive than her superb companion.

"Just this. Our time is an investment at present. The moment that old Major Waldgrave said his nephew was coming down to Bald Rock sketching, my plans were complete."

"But Captain Waldgrave isn't here," said Miss Adams, with a yawn.

"And I don't see why he couldn't have gone to Bald hotel, where there's a band of music in the evenings, and something going on," added Fanny, still in a fretful vein.

"For two very good reasons, m'm. One is economy, the other expediency. I told you before that I didn't want to look like a trap baited with a piece of toasted cheese. Now, where is my parasol? We may as well walk before the sun is hot enough to grill us both alive."

"I can't see how you could have come here, Fanny, discontentedly, tying her bonnet strings. 'We haven't been on the water since we came, three whole days.'"

"It costs too much," said Fanny.

"It need not. Of course, I don't mean that that belongs to the hotel, with their chintz cushions and awnings, and uniformed boatmen, but there's a little boat chained to a willow stump just inside the Levison grounds, and the gardeners' assistant will row you anywhere you please for a quarter."

The Levison place—an old house of gray stone, which had not been inhabited for years in consequence of the sudden death of the late Mrs. Levison and her husband, a voluntary exile to Europe—was only about a quarter of a mile distant, but that quarter of a mile seemed to elongate itself into fully twice the number of feet on that sultry July morning.

But the sight of the little boat rocking idly on the inlet of the bay seemed to refresh and to rejuvenate our heroines, and Lucille called imperiously to the man who lay under the trees, his hat over his eyes and an impromptu pillow formed by two hands crossed beneath his head.

"Who are you? What is it?" he cried.

"You stupid lout!" retorted Miss Adams, in tones rather shriller than the society pitch. "Are you blind? Can't you see that we want to go out in the boat? Quick! We can't be kept waiting all day."

The man scrambled to his feet, but still seemed hardly to comprehend the exigencies of the moment, until Fanny Russell spoke in an explanatory fashion.

"Mrs. Hobbs directed us here. She told us you rowed people out, when the boat wasn't occupied, for a quarter or so. We want to go down toward the Bald hotel. We shall prove good customers if your boat is good and your terms reasonable. My dear, 'I think he's a foreigner. He doesn't seem to understand half I say to him.'"

"I think he's a fool!" retorted Lucille. "But that makes little odds so long as he knows how to handle a pair of oars."

By this time the man, who seemed at last to comprehend what was required of him, had loosened the boat and now stood holding the chain so that the boat lay close against the shore.

"Please step in, ladies," he said, and Fanny and Lucille at once seated themselves.

"How nice this is," said the former, as, propelled by the strong strokes of the man in the center, the little boat danced lightly over the water. "Oh, Lucille, let's go down to the hotel and see if Herman Waldgrave has come!"

"A likely idea," retorted her companion, scornfully, with a downward glance at her gingham wrapper. "Do you suppose I men him to see me in a dress like this?"

"Will you hold your tongue?" retorted the radiant blonde both looked and spoke so shortly that Fanny Russell was awed into silence, and nothing more was said until they drew up opposite the pier which had been built up in front of the Bald hotel.

"Here we are," said the man. "Ladies, do you wish to alight?"

"Yes," cried Fanny Russell, who was a not unbecomingly perceptive robe.

"Now," sharply uttered Lucille, who was in gingham with a crumpled skirt; but before the question could be definitely settled a party who were lounging along the shore in the daintiest of white costumes, hurried up to see the new arrivals, and Lucille colored deeply with anger and mortification as she recognized Mrs. Belvidere Ponsbury, a schoolmate of her own.

"Why, my darling Lucille!" ejaculated Mrs. Ponsbury, in a high soprano. "How lovely you look! Herman Waldgrave! So you have really got introduced to him, after all!"

"What do you mean?" cried Lucille, petulantly. "Are you crazy? This fellow is only my boatman."

"Your boatman, indeed!" retorted Mrs. Ponsbury, beginning in her turn to lose her temper. "No more than myself. Is it possible, Herman, that Lucille Adams doesn't know who you are?"

"The so-called boatman," retorted his hat. "I am a boatman," said he, laughing. "But I never rowed a party of strangers before. They ordered me to take them out and gaily forbade a denial. I pay, introduce us to Herman, Mrs. Ponsbury."

Mr. Waldgrave chatted pleasantly all the way home, but Lucille knew that her hopes were blighted forever.

It was the last that Herman Waldgrave ever saw of his fair charge, the product of reality, her friend at Newport, much to that lady's dissatisfaction, and Fanny Russell returned to her friends in a twenty-third street boarding house without loss of time.

For the campaign had turned out a failure.

### World Disappoint Them.

Conway Springs, Kan. Dewey's way the first taste of the world's news we get is through the Wich's Eagle. If the Eagle should miss this town some morning nearly everybody would feel disappointed, indeed.

### A Vain Boaster.

"He takes the weather as it comes," said a woman who was seen at the fair. "But how can human beings pray. Take weather any other way."

—Chicago Record.

### Outlines of Oklahoma.

The Chandler News advises all farmers to keep a few head of sheep. Harry Gistap thinks that a large head is preferable to long legs. Still, look at Aguiñaldo.

There is going to be all kinds of trouble over that survey of the northern line of the Comanche country.

In the past quarter the probate judge of Oklahoma county has issued seventy-nine marriage licenses.

Jake Roach is editing the Bird Wave during the absence of Isenberg on his expedition into darkest Missouri.

The Arapahoe Bee thinks there is no doubt that the Choctaw is headed for Amarillo and will soon begin to extend west.

Arapahoe has a woman dentist and the first case of a man yelling when a tooth came out under her hand is yet to be recorded.

R. B. Houston, captain of Oklahoma's Rough Riders, has been appointed captain in the Forty-seventh United States volunteers.

Jesse Pigg of Arapahoe has two blood hounds which recently tracked his two stolen horses for seventy miles and led to their recovery.

Nardin Star: "The Star is one day late this week for no other reason than the printer tried, and failed, to drink all the red liquor in town."

In the game of crack the whip between Barnes, Flynn and Jenkins it is going to take some lively figuring on Jenkins' part to keep from being the cracker.

It is said that the first of September a prominent Oklahoman bet \$20 that Governor Barnes would be removed before September 20. He had to fork over his \$20.

John Wagner, a farmer who killed a pig that was going to die and sold the carcass to an Oklahoma City butcher, was fined one dollar and costs in Oklahoma City.

Minnie Parkinson, a young woman who was consumptive and had traveled long and wearily in search of health, threw down the burden of suffering at Oklahoma last week.

It would not be surprising if Conkling of Garfield county got to be census supervisors. Conkling is said to have the raw pull which is supplemented usually by the Rock Island pull.

There was a family reunion at Jeff Simpson's in Custer county the other day where thirty-nine of one family attended.

Whit Grant is getting all the papers to publish the game laws of Oklahoma.

George Simons, a volunteer in the Philippines, has returned to his home near Chandler. He says that the war will not continue long in his opinion, but if it does he is going back to fight again.

Helen Candee, the writer of New York who speaks of an Oklahoma man whipping out his "enormous 38-calibre revolver," is the same woman who once called El Reno "a huddle of low bricks."

There is a restaurant at Chandler called the Gray Mule. It is getting a reputation for fights, according to the local papers. But what a name for a restaurant. It might be Canned Mule. But Gray Mule is out of all rhyme or logic.

Medford Patriot: D. T. Flynn, the president of the Grant County bank, met Mr. Lew E. Darrow, cashier of the bank, the first time since the transfer of the bank to the new company. In conversation with Mr. Flynn we were agreeably surprised, as will be the people of Medford and Grant county, to learn of the wealth now back of this financial institution.

Now connected with it representing a combined capital of over a million dollars.

"Mr. Darrow," said Mr. Flynn, is undoubtedly the wealthiest man in Oklahoma, and I know all of them. He is an unassuming gentleman, genial, honorable and easily approached, absolutely reliable, his word is as good as a bond, and that is why I like him and took an interest in the bank. Your people will learn to like and appreciate Mr. Darrow as they become more and better acquainted with him."

Cushing Herald: Quite an amusing incident occurred here last Wednesday. A large red mugged fellow walked into Brockman and McGrew's saloon and ordered a small bottle of beer. He was just in the act of drinking it when a little woman who would weigh about one hundred pounds rushed in and grabbed the big fellow by the arm and said: "What do you mean, sir, by coming in here? Now you get right out of here at once! Give me that bottle! I'll kill you, if you don't give it to me in five minutes!"

The big fellow hesitated for a few seconds and then meekly handed her the bottle of beer which she dashed against the floor with all her strength and smashed it into a thousand pieces. And then renewing her grasp on the big fellow's arm, she led him right out of the saloon to a covered wagon and made him climb in, all of which he did without protest. She was a ho's terror, and the big fellow was evidently afraid of her.

### Along the Kansas Nile.

John J. Ingalls ought to call on Billy Mason of Kansas and tell him that it doesn't pay to be unique.

Loer, the Wichita boy now at Jolo or Suir, writes home that the women of that harem are as homesy as sin.

The Board of Managers of the National Military Homes is at Leavenworth looking into the Kansas matter.

The officers of the Twentieth Kansas will attend the Thanksgiving Day Missouri-Kansas football game in a body.

In the Ft. Scott vote for queen a Lie is in the lead closely followed by a Luff. The Fresco, Savillas and Atlas bring up the rear.

It is said that a surprising portion of the Populist office holders in Kansas are expansionists; that they can be found in every county.

If the fastidious entirely fail to get Bucker of Newton on the track for district judge, they will name James McKinstry of Reno county.

Fewer Populists than ever before are calling themselves "Abraham Lincoln Republicans." Abraham Lincoln never compromised with rebellion and never wanted to.

Genevieve Smith has been deserted by her husband at Ft. Scott. They were married six weeks ago. He spent \$50, all her money, and fled. She has gone to the poor house.

Helen Candee, an eastern writer, usually prone to sneer at the west, has written a magazine story about Oklahoma in which the hero whipped out "an enormous 38-calibre revolver."

Henry D. Lee of Salina recently went to New York to accept the post of secretary of the executive committee of the Wholesale Grocers of the United States at a salary of \$2,000 a year.

The Populists of Kansas will probably soon hold a meeting to decide whether they will make and expound a party policy. A great many believe it is suicidal to be against expansion.

A boom for Congressman-at-large for Fred Funston has been sprung. Funston will represent this. He is aiming higher than that and he will not go into politics if this is all that is in prospect.

Dave Overmeyer, to attract attention, is now sacking around a pumpkin with eyes cut in it and a candle inside, in the shape of a proposition to forbid the trusts the use of the United States mails.

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## Geo. Innes & Co.

### Underwear Sale...

of Fleece Lined Cotton Underwear

We have them arranged in four lots—

Ladies' Fleece Lined Union Suits,  
Misses' Union Suits in all sizes,  
Boys' Natural Gray Fleece Lined  
Union Suits,  
Boys' Fleece Lined Vests and  
Drawers,

Your Choice, beginning to-day and continued as long as these lots last, for

25 Cents

## ...WICHITA'S... FREE STREET FAIR ...AND CARNIVAL...

Oct. 16—Opening Day

Oct. 17—German Day

Oct. 18—Oklahoma and 'Frisco Day

Oct. 19—Kansas and Tour-nament Day

Oct. 20—Flower Parade and Carnival

Oct. 21—Commercial Travelers' Day

## In the Midway:

Hagenback's Wild Animal Show

Streets of Cairo

Temple of Isis Theater

Gay Parce

Palace of Varieties

Japanese Theater

Turkish Theater

Cuban Wild Girl

Moving Pictures

Etc., Etc.

### Baldwin & Carrow,

the world-renowned aeronauts, will make day and night balloon ascensions, with a number of animals and features never before seen in this section of the country.

### Herbo,

the European sensational High-Wire bicyclist, will give daily exhibitions of a thrilling trappe performance from a cable suspended in the air. At night he will perform on his bicycle, giving exhibitions of the United States gumbast, Olympia, in action, and Niagara Falls. Both of the exhibitions will be accompanied by a brilliant display of pyrotechnics.